THE

PRIMITIVE CHURCH

(OR BAPTIST)

MAGAZINE,

ADVOCATING THE

Constitution, Faith, and Practice of the Apostolic Churches.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."

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PREFACE.

ANOTHER volume of the "PRIMITIVE CHURCH MAGAZINE" is now completed. Of its contents the readers of the Magazine may be left to form their own judgment. The Editor presents his thanks to those friends who have assisted him in his work, and especially to Brethren J. Howe and Dr. Stock.

If a *larger number* of ministerial brethren would favour him with contributions from their pen the Editor would feel greatly obliged. Greater variety, and perhaps, increased interest would be secured thereby. As a rule, lengthy articles are not the most acceptable; but short, vigorous pieces—just such as many of our brethren could write—would be highly esteemed. Some readers would like to see more Intelligence in the Magazine. Will those who have Intelligence to send be kind enough to send it? It is a sort of thing which an Editor cannot easily manufacture.

An increased circulation is very desirable. Our friends would confer a favour by exerting themselves to secure it. The distinctive principles to which the Magazine is pledged render it very unpopular in some directions; and on this account, in large measure, if not entirely, personal effort on the part of those who believe these principles is called for. Without such effort no very marked improvement in the circulation can be looked for at least for some time to come.

EDWARD PARKER.

Farsley, near Leeds,

November 20th, 1868.

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Essays, Expositions, &c.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."—A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COULING.

THERE were certain Greeks who were once anxious to behold Christ of whom they had heard such wondrous accounts, that their curiosity became so excited, and their minds so troubled, that they hesitated not to go at once to Philip, who was of Bethsaida of Galilee, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Now these Grecians were just, in effect, putting into practice the exhortation of our motto. They were "Looking unto Jesus." And a better spirit could not animate our hearts, nor a better employment occupy our minds on the morning of this New Year's Day than this. If we can but look to Jesus and keep Christ steadily before us to day and during the year upon which we have entered, all things shall be sure to go well with us; for whether we live we shall live unto the Lord or whether we die we shall die unto the Lord, and we all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.

Christ left us an example that we should follow in his steps, and he himself declared that, if we would serve him we must deny ourselves—take up his cross and follow him. Paul, therefore, makes use of the name of Jesus as a motive power to urge us on in the divine life. Alluding to the celebrated Grecian games where they "all run in a race but one receiveth the prize," he says "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." We are to run as though all eyes were upon us, while we ourselves are only concerned about the one object before us, even Jesus. "Let us so run that we may obtain."

But how shall we look to Jesus? We cannot now see him in the flesh as did his disciples of old; he has passed away out of our sight, and has ascended up into heaven where he now sits enthroned at the right hand of God. And yet if we belong to God's family, we can say of Christ, "whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." To see Jesus then, we must look to him by

the eye of faith, and thus looking, we shall *see Jesus as our atoning sacrifice.* On this New Year's Day we not only look to the future with bright and pleasing expectations, but we have also to remember the past with shame and confusion of face. We remember the way by which God has led us with thankfulness, but we recollect also our ingratitude, our sinfulness, and our complete helplessness and utter ruin but for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we might be enriched for ever. We look therefore to Jesus as our sin-bearer, our substitute, our surety, our sacrifice. And thus looking unto Jesus—

> "Believing, we rejoice
> To see the curse remove,
> We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
> And sing his bleeding love."

But let us look to Jesus also *as our great exemplar in life.* Contemplate his holy life, his unwearied patience in trials and afflictions, his uncomplaining endurance of poverty, hardship and sorrow, his diligence, zeal, and activity in accomplishing his Father's work, and in ameliorating the condition of the poor, the afflicted, and the sinful, and then learn of him who endured "such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we should be weary and faint in our minds."

Look to Christ *as the author and finisher of our faith* and all will be easy. He is the Alpha and Omega of your salvation, the object and end of your faith. Let him be your "All in all," and the year upon which you have entered shall be one long season of praise and thanksgiving to him in whom you believe, and who will keep that which you have committed to him until that day when faith shall be turned to sight, and you will be for ever with the Lord.

And why should we look to Christ? This question is not asked in the spirit of those who enquire "Who is the Lord that we should desire the knowledge of his ways?" It is rather the language of the child of God whose desire is that Christ would manifest himself unto him as he does not unto the world. But even he is sometimes faint-hearted and full of doubt, fear, and darkness, so that he has to cry out, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." And why should such look to Jesus?

Because by so doing *they will get their faith strengthened.* It is only on Christ that faith can live, and only beneath the shadow of the cross that we can go from strength to strength. Look at man and we are deceived and disappointed; look within ourselves and there is nothing but sin and doubt and fear, but "looking unto Jesus who is the author and finisher of our faith," we can cry "Lord I believe; help thou mine unbelief." And he will give us faith to live upon him, to trust in him at all times, and to do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. Lord help us throughout this year to look to thee and do thou increase our faith.

And by looking to Jesus we shall also *get our cares lightened.* We are none of us exempt from care and anxiety. Too frequently our hearts are overwhelmed with the many cares which daily distress us. Domestic anxieties, pecuniary difficulties, perplexities in business, irritability of temper, strong temptations, sickness and poverty,—these are cares known more or less to God's children from January to December. But when we look to the cross and see there the "Man of Sorrows," being made perfect through suffering that he might be able to sympathise with all his people, then how light do all our trials seem, and how puny our cares compared with what he endured. And then "casting all our cares upon him who careth for us" we can even glory in tribulation also, that the power of Christ might rest upon us.

And by looking unto Jesus we shall also *get our hopes brightened.* Christ has left us in this world, but "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." Some of our friends may possibly have been

removed from us by the hand of death during the past year, and we ourselves may be called away during the year that has just commenced; but "looking unto Jesus" life and immortality is brought to light. In Jesus we see by faith our portion in heaven. Our hopes of immortality and eternal glory are brightened beneath the cross. He was delivered for our offences but rose again for our justification, and therefore "when Christ who is our life shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory," and our song of praise shall be "unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to him be glory and dominion for ever, Amen."

Surely we need not ask *when shall we look to Jesus?* for every time is a suitable time and every occasion is a proper one to go to him who says "Look unto me and be ye saved." Let us however especially look to him now on this New Year's Day. If we have not yet given him our hearts now is a fitting time to do so. Look to Jesus now and he will guide you through the dangers and difficulties that may surround your path in life. Look to Jesus now, and then though the heart be sad and oppressed with care, yet will he say to you, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Look to Jesus now, and let the life you live be a life of faith on the Son of God who loved you and who gave himself for you, and then when death shall come Jesus will smile upon you and enable you to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Scarborough.

DOCTOR BUSHNELL'S THEORY OF INFANT BAPTISM.

A Paper read at a Fraternal Meeting of Ministers in Yorkshire.

THIS theory is found in connection with Doctor Bushnell's teachings on "Christian Nurture." A subject which requires more general attention than it has hitherto received. But let it be distinctly understood at the outset, that we have here no controversy with the Doctor respecting that subject, though we might be disposed to differ from him as to the way in which he treats it. Yet we have to do with that only so far as he has been pleased to mix up with the discussion of it his theory of Infant baptism. In fact the Doctor's theory of Infant baptism is part of his theory of Christian nurture, and so far as we can gather from the Doctor's statement of the case, the one is essential to the other. We are not inclined to think so. Much less do we think that because the Scripture inculcates the one, therefore it inculcates the other. We think that we can understand for ourselves at least, how a thoroughly scriptural Christian nurture can be exercised without being indebted in any wise to Infant baptism. And if this is possible, Infant baptism is not essential.

The Doctor's idea of "the organic unity of a family" we do not care to notice. It is at best a mystic way of putting the matter before his readers. Like most other Pædobaptists, the Doctor seizes upon the households referred to in the New Testament, and especially those which are said to have been baptised, and then endeavours to derive support from what he calls "the organic unity of the family," and consequently for household religion and household baptism, from what the Jews understood of the significance of households and families in connection with the Jewish system, and the easy transference of the idea to the Christian system. But the Jews understood many things wrongly, and even many of those who professed to have received the teaching of the Saviour, would have imported bodily the whole of the rites and ceremonies of the mosaic economy into the Christian system. Are we therefore to follow them? No, indeed! "Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye?" We prefer to follow our own understanding of the gospel as we read it, under the enlightenment of that spirit which God has promised to give them that ask him. Doctor

Bushnell may attempt to ridicule this preference as "individualism." We can only say that we prefer this kind of individualism, notwithstanding the Doctor's ridicule. That kind of Jewish understanding may be well enough for the Doctor's baby system, but we prefer "in understanding to be men." There is one point which ought to be noticed here, and that is, the teaching of the great Teacher himself. He says, "I am come not to send peace on the earth, but a sword, to set a man at variance with his Father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. x. 34—36). Thus teaching that the rightful diffusion of His truth would inevitably result in the severance of earthly and worldly ties and relationships, and the New Testament teaches that whatever might be the Jewish notion of households, and of family religion, the Christian is to have regard "especially to the household of faith," and to him "of whom the whole family both in heaven and earth is named;" and though we are prepared to recognise and approve the sacredness and value of family religion, and the high and holy principles which may be cultivated there, yet we hold that "the church of Christ is the highest form of social life on earth."

The Jewish system, notwithstanding its incorporation of children, has not resulted in perpetuating a "godly seed," and in answering the Doctor on this point, we need do no more than quote his own words, (P. 130):—"The Jewish race are a striking and sad proof of the manner in which any given mode of life may, or rather must, become a functional property in the offspring. The old Jewish stock of the Scripture times, whatever faults they may have had, certainly were not marked by any such miserably sordid, usurious, garbage-vending propensity as now distinguishes the race."

It may also be necessary here to give the Doctor's own statement of the connection of his idea of "organic unity," and his theory of Infant baptism. We find it on P. 73,—"Now the true conception is that Baptism is applied to the child on the ground of its organic unity with the parents, imparting and pledging a grace to sanctify that unity, and make it good in the field of religion. By the supposition, however, the child still remains within the known laws of character in the house, to receive under these, whatever good may reach him; not snatched away by an abrupt, fantastical, and therefore incredible grace. He is taken to be the regenerate, not historically speaking, but presumptively, on the ground of his known connection with the parent character, and the divine or church life, which is the life of that character. Perhaps I shall be understood more easily if I say that the child is *potentially* regenerate, being regarded as existing in connection with powers and causes that contain the fact, before time and separate from time. For when the fact appears historically under the law of time, it is not more truly real, in a certain sense, than it was before. And then the grace conferred, being conferred by no casual act, but resting on the established laws of character in the church and in the house, is not lost by unfaithfulness, but remains and lingers still, though abused and weakened, to encourage new struggles. Thus it will be seen that the doctrine of organic unity I have been asserting, proves its theologic value, as a ready solvent for the rather perplexing difficulties of this subject. Only one difficulty remains, viz.:—that so few can believe the doctrine."

Very few indeed, Doctor! And moreover than that, very few will believe it. That difficulty is likely to remain.

Another argument in favour of this "organic unity," and consequently in favour of Infant baptism, the Doctor draws from 1 Cor. vii. 14, an old well-beaten track with the advocates of Infant baptism—"For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband; else were your children unclean, but now they are holy." Now the case which the apostle puts before the Corinthians seems to us to be just this:—That if the believing husband is to put away his wife as unclean, because she does not believe, or vice versa, then to be consistent, the children of such a connection

must be put away also, a consequence which, whether admitted or not, drives to the winds the idea intended by what the Doctor calls "organic unity." For if there is not "organic unity" in the case of a believing husband and an unbelieving wife, neither can there be "organic unity" in the children of such a connection, and yet the said children are to be retained as "clean," which is all that the apostle means. Yet in another place, when discussing the church membership of children, the Doctor tries to make this same passage do duty in sustaining that theory also, and he doesn't scruple to make the apostle say more than he ever wrote. Hear the Doctor:—"One believing parent, he (Paul) declares, puts the children in the church classification of believers." Really, the Doctor knows better what the apostle meant than the apostle knew himself. It was not a question of church membership at all. It was simply a question whether the man and woman should live together.

Another point which ought to be noticed here is the case of Timothy, of which the Doctor makes frequent use. He says (P. 238), "That his father was a Greek, and probably an unbeliever; but his mother was a woman of such piety that she omitted nothing in the training of her son, and the apostle speaks of her in the same epistle, even as having let down upon him a kind of piety by *entail*." All we have to say about that is, that it is a queer conception. We turn rather to the apostle's teaching on the subject. He makes an honourable and proper acknowledgment of the faith of Timothy's ancestors in the maternal line, but at the same time, and knowing what he means, he addresses Timothy as "my own son in the faith." There is nothing in the way of *entail* about that.

The Doctor is not very careful to set forth even the doctrine of regeneration as taught in the New Testament. There we are told that Christ "came to his own, but his own received him not, but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name: who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." That is not much in favour of piety by entail. Nor the words of the apostle Paul either,—"Henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more" (2 Cor. v. 16).

Doctor Bushnell makes much of the Scripture quoted by the apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost—"For the promise is to you and to your children," &c. He attempts to show that the peculiar incidents of that extraordinary Pentecostal scene were to be discontinued, and were to be regarded as of no moment in the ordinary circumstances of the Christian church; yet he is careful to attach enough importance to the promise, so far as it pertains to children, to serve his purpose in connection with what he speaks of as "the development of Infant baptism." And then to help himself still further, he draws an imaginary picture of some individual leaving the Pentecost, and going home to the coasts of Africa, or the deserts of Arabia, and there instructing his family and his neighbours in the doctrines of the gospel, becomes puzzled what to do with his children, he concludes that having been baptised himself, he will baptise his children also. Truly the doctor is hard up for facts in illustration of "the development of Infant baptism," when he is thus compelled to weave these imaginary circumstances out of the fertility of his own brain. Hence, he says (P. 90):—"And in just this way the defect of any bold declarations on the subject of Infant baptism in the writings of the New Testament; and the fact that it appears only in a few historic glimpses, and occasional modes of speech that are subtle implications of the facts, is sufficiently accounted for. But we are inquiring after the mode in which this rite became an accepted element of the Christian organisation, and a part of the Christian practice, as we certainly know that it did at some time afterwards." And again (P. 91), he says, "And here we have, in small, just what would most naturally take place in the development of Christianity itself." Truly, Doctor, this is very small indeed. So small a fact, that it is no fact at all. Only a small thing of the imagination. A very small thing indeed. The Doctor reiterates the said

promise again and again, and yet with a sarcasm peculiarly his own, he ridicules the reiteration by baptists of the formula, "Believe and be baptised." It is enough for us to know that in doing that we are in better company than that of Doctor Bushnell; company that we much prefer, and we hope shall ever continue to prefer. We owe the formula to Him who "spake as never man spake," and it is consequently superior to any "organic" formula which Doctor Bushnell ever invented, or is likely to invent.

But however distasteful the sayings and doings of Baptists may be to the Doctor, he puts himself in company with all other Pædobaptists, some of whom say that Infant baptism is good for one thing, and some say it is good for another. Some say that it has a certain efficacy in one way, and others deny it. Some say it is in the place of circumcision, the Doctor says not. Episcopalians say that the best way of administering the rite is through sponsors; Doctor Bushnell flatly denies it, and thus they knock each other on the head. They assert that Baptism regenerates, Doctor Bushnell denies it, and so saves us the trouble of looking at the matter in that light. We are hereby forcibly reminded of a company of men of whom it is said, "Neither, so did their witness agree together."

The Doctor's discussion of his theory reminds us also of an incident which took place at Harrogate. Two individuals who had gone there for the benefit of their physical health, were not altogether unmindful of the spiritual. Having entered into conversation as they met for the first time, they enquired of each other to what section of the church each belonged. One of them replied, "I am a Baptist," and asked of the other, "What are you?" "I am a churchman," said he. "Aye, then you're a cradle Christian"! said the Baptist. So Doctor Bushnell seems to us to have got his theory in the cradle, and he rocks it, and rocks it, until he forgets himself, for how else could he venture to say respecting his own pet theory, "This view is *the only one* that gives household baptism any meaning, or any real place in the Christian system." Hence the Doctor's theory of Infant baptism, which is included in the expression household baptism, is the only theory left us to discuss. The Doctor himself, so pleased with his own theory, excludes every other. What, then, is the value of his theory? So far as the household baptisms mentioned in the New Testament are concerned, the Doctor can only draw an inference at most in favour of Infant baptism. That inference is not founded on fact, because the fact is wanting. It cannot be founded on probability, because the spirit and genius of Christianity, as unfolded in the New Testament, will not warrant it. It may be replied, "that this is begging the question." Then let us look and see. In the first place, the Christian nurture inculcated in the New Testament does not require Infant baptism in any wise in order to its attainment. Infant baptism is never once enforced in connection with the enforcement of Christian nurture, neither is there a single fact or circumstance in illustration. Moreover, Christian nurture can be accomplished just as well without it, and has been; hence it is only essential to the Doctor's theory, and according to his own statement given above, it is of no mortal use any where else. So we think. But again, as to the inference. We say facts do not warrant it, for the simple reason that the facts are wanting; yet it may be asked, "May not the theory rest on the probability of the case?" Not if the spirit and genius of Christianity are opposed to it. Yet it may also be asked, "May not the inference be drawn from the possibility of the case?" Our answer is the same. Not unless the spirit and genius of Christianity require it. And again the question may be put, "What do you mean by the spirit and genius of Christianity?" We mean that Christianity is a system propounded by Jehovah, and the Son of God, to those who can receive it. It addresses itself to the heart, the reason, the understanding, and the conscience of men. It demands their faith and trust. How can infants apprehend it? How can they reason upon it? How can they believe it? Who ever heard of the preachers of the cross being sent on a mission to infants? Then,—How can

they hear without a preacher? and, How can they preach except they be sent? But who would go on such a childish errand? Even yet it may be said, "Are infants to be entirely neglected? By no means. Let them have all the attention which their circumstances require. And if they cannot take the sincere milk of the word, then let them by all means have the mother's breast, or if need be, the cradle and the nursery. Rightful instruction too, so soon as ever they can receive it.

Again, the Doctor attempts to support his theory of Infant baptism by referring to Justin Martyr and Irenæus. But supposing that Infant baptism was practised even in their time—a theory which lacks historical proof—yet even this does not go to show that it was commanded by the Saviour, or practised by his apostles, and inasmuch as it was not commanded by the former, or practised by the latter, it would be nothing more or less than an innovation. But the real innovation had a more subsequent date.

The proselyte baptism of the Jews, assumed to have been antecedent to the introduction of Christianity, is made to do some service. It may help the Doctor with those who know no better, but those who do know will ask the Doctor to prove the alleged fact before making such use of it.

We notice (Chap. 7th, P. 103), so far as it professes to support "the theory of Infant baptism" by another theory, viz.:—"The church membership of children." The Scripture at the head of this seventh chapter, is from Col. i. 2,—"To the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse." The seventh chapter opens thus:—"These saints and faithful brethren, it will be seen, include young children; for the apostle makes a distribution of them afterwards, in the third chapter of the epistle, addressing the class of wives, the class of husbands, the class of fathers, the class of servants, the class of masters, and, among all these, the class of children,—'Children obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' The epistle to the Ephesians, too, is inscribed in the same way—'To the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ;' and this again makes a like distribution; addressing the class of husbands, wives, fathers, mothers children, servants, and masters, all as being included in the church at Ephesus,—'Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' 'Honour thy father and mother; for this is the first commandment with promise.' Where also it is made clear that he is speaking to quite young children; for he turns immediately to the fathers, exhorting them to "bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." They are children so young, therefore, as to be the subjects of nurture, and yet are addressed among the 'faithful brethren.'" To all this, and to the whole of the chapter in illustration of this, we simply reply, that inasmuch as the apostle exhorts the 'children to obey their parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord;' and again, 'children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right;' their must have been capable of rendering obedience, and were consequently capable of exercising faith; and if so, then we have no objection to the supposition that they were baptised. Our vindication of the baptism of believers does not go so far as to exclude children who can obey, but that is a very different thing from baptising infants who do not know their right hand from their left.

Yet there is another part of this chapter, (P. 109), to which we may briefly refer. The Doctor says, "The church is a school, and the members are disciples, or learners. Does not every parent choose the school for his children, giving them no choice in the matter, and taking it to be his own unquestionable right? This, too, on the ground that they are to have the benefit of his maturer judgment, and his more competent choice. Where, then, is the encroachment when Christian parents baptise their child into the same discipleship with themselves, and set it in the school of Christ? It is only a part of their ordinary charge as parents; for it is given them to have the child in their own character, so to speak, and be themselves disciples with it, and for it (and why not it with them?) in all the honours and hopes of the heavenly kingdom." We reply,

that the "encroachment" is in the inversion of the order the Saviour himself has indicated. The Saviour's order is, "disciple and baptise;" the Doctor's order is, "baptise and then disciple." How little a thing it seems to men of this class, to "make the commandment of God of none effect."

The Doctor does not choose to give us any instruction respecting the mode of Baptism. We should suppose that like his Pædobaptist brethren, he would be content to sprinkle. However that may be, we should much prefer that parents, exercising all needful and proper spiritual care over their infant offspring, watching for their souls as those that must give account; and inasmuch as cleanliness is said to be next to godliness, and also because the Doctor has such a dread of what he calls "*sanctimony*," that, therefore, he should put himself at least in harmony with common sense, and give the infants, what, in the days of our babyhood, was called "a good *bowley-wash*." A capital thing in connection with Christian nurture.

J. B., L.

"ENDURE HARDNESS."

BY REV. W. FRITH, NEW BEXLEY.

THE work of the ministry is not now in England what it once was. There is little "hardness" to endure now *compared* with that which our puritanical forefathers endured. True, their is much to contend against. There is a *worldly spirit* in the churches, and a disposition to sit in judgment upon the *tone, gesture, attitude*, &c., of the ministering servant of God, and some considerable annoyance arising from the *absence* of that pure and simple piety in the churches which was the characteristic of many of the churches of the last century; but there is not YET the *hardness* of the *fire*, the *faggot*, the *thumb-screw*, and the *prison*, which many were called to endure who are now "through faith and *patience* inheriting the promises." Still, the voice of inspiration to all who are "in the ministry" is, "endure hardness." We cannot yet say—"Then hath the offence of the cross ceased." Oh, no; there is still "the evil heart of unbelief" to contend with, which is "enmity against God." There is "*hardness*" *within the church*, and *hardness without*. Moses found it so in his day; for it was not only the Amalekites outside, and the kings of Moab and Bashan, but the people of his charge were "a stiff-necked people," carnal and rebellious. Nor did Paul find it otherwise in his missionary journies. "Some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed not;" some "gladly received the word," others "bound themselves with an oath that they would neither eat nor drink till they had stoned Paul." Some "received him and lodged him three days courteously," others told him he was "mad" to his face. Sometimes he had "no little kindness" shown him by "barbarous people," at another time he was "bound in chains" through the Jews, though he said "I have nought to accuse my nation of." Thus it was then; nor is the world altered. The "carnal mind is still enmity against God," and in proportion as we are *faithful*, we think in the same proportion shall we excite the *ire* and malignity of the world. And if things SEEM to be altered, the alteration is in the want of more faithfulness in the pulpit. Let the preachers of the *present* be as *doctrinal*, as *practical*, and as *positive* and *direct* in their ministrations as Knox and Whitfield, and let us see if they will not have to "endure hardness." The gospel *should not* be preached in *bitterness* or *vulgarity;* but IT MUST be preached. The *milk* is required, and with the cream on too. Amos's "basket of summer fruit" is better than Cleopatra's "basket of flowers." The one might be eaten—the other had a viper concealed beneath their fragrant blossoms. The gospel contains truths sweet as honey, and reviving as pomegranates, but it has also truths as impalatable as "bitter herbs," and he who preaches "all the counsel of God" must "endure hardness."

THE ROPE OF FAITH.

A COLLIER'S SERMON.

BRETHREN, I am now going to show you how a poor sinner is saved by *grace;* and I am sure many of you have been so saved. Let us take the case of a miserable man in the pains of conviction. He is, we will suppose, down at the bottom of the pit of despair. Now, let us ask him how he got there, and how he means to get up. Then leaning over the pulpit to the right hand, the preacher curved and hollowed his hand, and applying his mouth to it spoke aloud this imaginary colloquy, as if from the surface down through the pit-shaft, after the manner of the "banksman" at the colliery.

"Hallo! hallo! who's down there?"

"Oh, minister, a poor sinner; a miserable sinner."

"How came you there, my poor brother? how came you there?"

"My load of sins weighed me down, and I fell deeper and deeper."

"Oh wretched man that you are; how do you mean to get up?"

"I never shall get up. I am lost! lost for ever! I've been trying ever so long to climb up by the side of the shaft, but I cannot; I fall down again."

"You cannot succeed of yourself. I'll send you down the *rope of faith.* Lay hold of that, and you will be got out.—Cling to it; *cling to it;* here it is!" (imitating the paying out of a rope.) "Now then, it must be down to you. Lay hold of the 'only hope set before you.' Have you got hold now?"

"I'm so feeble, I can hardly grasp it; but I *think* I have got a good grip now."

"Then pull-ahoy, lads! Let us help this poor sinner up. Oh, how heavy he is. Why, what have you got besides yourself hanging on the rope?"

"Only a few good works of my own."

"*Good works! good works!* Throw them down. Down with them, or they'll break the rope."

"Well, if I must, I must; but sure they would do me some good."

The preacher continued to represent the lifting, but suddenly stopped, as if his arms had received a check, exclaiming to the imaginary ascendant:—

"Why, what is the matter *now?* What are you struggling with?"

"Doubts and fears, sir. I am afraid I cannot hold on."

"Lay firmer hold of the rope. Doubts and fears are nothing to strong faith. But what now? Trembling again. What is it now?"

"A great fight of afflictions, master; and I cannot hold on."

"Hold on, sinner, hold on; you'll come out of the afflictions. But what is this? shaking again? what can be the matter now?"

"Strong temptation, master. Oh, I shall fall! I'm falling! Oh, help me! Oh, help me!"

"So we will. But ah, what dreadful thing has happened now, the weight is *three times* as great. What a horrible noise. What have you got there?"

"It's the devil himself has gripped me. He is gripping me hard. Oh, minister, I'm lost! I'm lost!"

Hereupon, the excitement in the congregation became intense. Women wept, men rose up, and the minister, seizing his opportunity, continued:—

"Now lads, let us all *pray* and pull together. This poor sinner is in great danger. But Satan cannot long buffet him. The great Captain is with us, and He is too strong for demon and devil."

Straining at, and lifting the imaginary load, the preacher greatly excited himself as well as his hearers. Finally, he appeared to succeed in bringing the imperilled and hard-gripped penitent to the surface. Then with great effect he uttered the words, "Lads he's safe! he is saved! There he is! The *rope of faith* never broke yet, and I knew it would'nt break now."

GUTHRIE.

DEATH.

DEATH to many is a gloomy word, full of dark forebodings. To others it breathes unspeakable terror and alarm, while some try to treat it with disdain and laugh at it as a mere bugbear. But yet there are a goodly number who see in it the appointed valley which leads to immortality and life.

The reason why men are differently affected by the thought of death is owing to the difference in their moral states. The mere moralist, whose faith is wrapped up in the napkin of good works, must from the very nature of things look upon death with gloomy forebodings. This feeling moreover will be intensified as conscience becomes quickened. Just as a man grows in virtue, he becomes conscious of his moral insufficiency, his doubts accumulate, and grave questions arise concerning a future destiny. Like a poor cripple who has discovered that the crutch upon which he leans is defective, trusts it very timorously; so man, as he feels the short comings of his own life, must question its sufficiency to sustain him in the trying hour. "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustest, they wearied thee; then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan."

But some are awfully terrified as the dark valley comes in sight. Those of us who are in the habit of visiting the afflicted and dying could tell strange tales of woe which departed ones have manifested. Never shall we forget the sound of words which once fell from the lips of a conscience smitten man, as the glare of the coming judgment fell upon his guilty soul. Crying out to his wife, he said, "I am going—I am going—O my God, I know not where?" How awful thus to die! Yet for the unpardoned soul how natural! Conceive of a man that has wandered far—very far—from God. Many tried to stop him in the downward course. Some warned him with solemn words; whilst others with faithful and earnest entreaty, plead with him to turn from sin. Prayers were offered for his conversion, tears were shed over his folly. But despite warning, entreaty, prayers and tears, onward he rushes in sin. But now the hand of affliction arrests him. Disease takes hold of his body. There he is on a bed of agony—cut off from his vanities—separated from his lustful gratifications. Think, he must, upon his past life. His sins—his deeds of transgression, like foul birds, come flapping over his conscience with their dirty wings. Where shall he now find refuge? In past days God called but he refused; now the Almighty laughs at his calamity and mocks when his fear is come. He cannot look behind, for his past life is all black with crime. He cannot look forward, for he trembles at the fiery indignation of a coming judgment. Above him is an angry God, below him is a gaping pit. Poor wretch! whither shall he fly, or where shall he cover his defenceless head. Can we wonder that death to such characters is a word of unspeakable alarm. But some try to laugh at death—we say try to laugh, for whoever succeeded, unless, indeed, at a supposed great distance. It is very easy in the hour of safety to boast about our courage; but how is it when the storm arises. Any chicken-hearted man can put his hands into his pockets and go whistling around the vessel when the day is clear and waters calm; but how is it when the billows roll, when the winds howl, when the ship like a ball is tossed upon the tempestuous main. Men may laugh at death and jeer at eternity when the pulse beats strong and the blood flows freely through the veins; but how is it when the heart ceases to palpitate, when the coffin comes in sight, when eternity opens wide its mouth to engulph us. Come, laughing man, gather all your brave comrades around you. Call for the jovial glass!—take your hand at cards!—sing and be merry! But remember this night thou shalt die. What troubleth thee now? Why art thou dejected? Ah! that one word—*death*—hath shaken all the laugh out of thee. Now 'tis a terrible reality. The cold waters are wetting thy feet. No longer in the distance as in days of old, when thou didst laugh at the grave, and make a sport of death. But now

the serpent evil is around thee. The ravenous monster hath thee in his grip. This night thou must die! Now despite all thy boasted courage like Belshazzar thy loins are trembling, thy knees are smiting, thy heart is heavy. Death makes thee a coward.

But here is another man. Tall in stature and jaded in appearance; he is leaning upon a staff. His hair is silvered with the frosts of many winters. His brow is deeply wrinkled as though he had waded through great tribulations. Still a calm resignation is seated on his countenance. He reminds you of a veteran who has passed through many hard fought battles—the scars of this life—conflicts are upon him. No boastful words drop from his lips. He seems to believe more in doing than talking. But he will not stand long before us, as he has already received intimations that his days are numbered. But he does not shrink from the journey. He talks about death as a valley which leads to his heavenly home. The hour of his departure has now arrived. Calmly he starts out for the distant land. But "Father," cries a sorrowful child, "stay with us a few days more." "Do stay father," cries another voice, "we cannot spare you yet." "No, no," replies the aged father, "I cannot linger—

> Let me go, why should I tarry?
> What has earth to bind me here?
> What but cares and toils and sorrows?
> What but death and pain and fear?"

This is the way the Christian dies. Death to him is but the highway to immortality and life. Do you doubt it? Then come with me and we will visit a dwelling not far from Huddersfield; it is the residence of Mr. Timothy Smith, Cliffe End. In the upper room of this house a loved daughter endured a great fight of affliction. Her name was Betsy Ellen. What a beautiful girl she was! Her character is well portrayed in the words of a poet—

> "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
> Gentle as the summer's breeze."

Betsy Ellen was a member of the church at Salendine Nook. About twenty months since, it pleased God to call her by his grace. The new birth with her seemed like a divine thought dropped in the soul. She said, "I thought my feet were in the wrong way and I could not proceed without seeking directions from Jesus." But the grace given was to be tried. She was to pass to her everlasting mansion through a long and painful affliction. The earthly house of her tabernacle was gradually taken down. But as the earthly house fell, the heavenly mansions came in sight.

Come and let us stand by her bed side. Enter the room softly, for angels and the God of angels are present. See that dear suffering one, after fifteen months of painful affliction she is now drawing nigh the river. Her form is wasting; her countenance is pale and languid; but her heart is full of calm trust in Christ. Standing on the brink of eternity she gazes with anxious eye to catch a glimpse of the distant shore. "Mother," she says, "do you not see Jesus upon the great white throne of his glory." "Yes, my child, I see him with the eye of faith." "Ah!" but she said, "I see him. Christ is near to me." During her last few days heaven seemed to be in full sight, whilst her countenance beamed with holy joy. Pointing upwards she said—

> "There is my house and portion fair;
> My treasure and my heart are there,
> And my abiding home."

She lost her voice a few days before her departure, so that it was with difficulty she could be heard. But whenever interrogated, she spoke most confident of Jesus as her

> "Refuge from the stormy blast,
> And her eternal home."

As the time for her release drew nigh, she manifested an increased desire to depart and be with Jesus. Like a princess impatient for her coronation day to arrive; so our dear young friend longed for the blessed hour to dawn when she should be seated on the right hand of the heavenly majesty: and receive the conqueror's crown. But the happy hour of liberation has arrived, and she hailed it with a "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." On Sunday afternoon, October 13th, she closed her eyes on earth to open them amidst the raptures of angels and the hallelujahs of the glorified. My God, grant us the happiness of greeting her in yonder sinless realm. J. P.

FRAGMENTS AND CHOICE SAYINGS.

WHISPERING TO GOD.—A poor man, who was extremely ignorant, applied for admission to the church. His conversion and entire change of life were well known to all his associates, but he was little skilled in the deep matters of theology. Even the most common terms were not understood by him. When he was asked if he prayed, he promptly answered "No;" and however the question was stated, he gave always the same answer. He was told that if he neglected so plain a Christian duty they could not admit him, which statement gave him great distress. He loved Jesus, and longed to unite himself with his people.

"But you neglect a plain command of the Scriptures. They bid us pray, and our Saviour taught us to pray."

"Oh," he said earnestly, "I whisper."

He had considered prayer as leading the devotions of others, which he felt himself unable to do; but "to whisper to God," and to Jesus his best friend, he felt to be his most precious privilege and delightful duty. Let us not despair of the conversion of even the most ignorant and sin-blinded. It is the glory of our blessed gospel, that it is suited to the needs of the very lowest, as well as of the highest.

This poor man had the secret of the only acceptable prayer. If the heart does not whisper to God, the sacrifice of the lips will be all in vain. And how easy a thing it is to offer this whispered prayer! No matter where we are, or what our surroundings, we can whisper to God. If trials and troubles are our portion, how sweet to breathe our griefs into the ear of this unfailing Friend; and what a lightener of every burden is the heavenly sympathy He affords to his believing ones. Even the faintest breath of prayer is wafted to the eternal throne. Every penitential sigh is heard by Him who sits upon that throne.

If our hearts have never learned this precious lesson, they are still in deplorable darkness. We can never see the King in his glory, except we have learned to hold near and sweet communion with him here.

SEEK AND FIND.—If you wish to be saved, be in earnest. Seek the Saviour with the same spirit in which you seek for any other desirable thing. "Seek and ye shall find." Read the following significant story:—

A farmer, who had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language, one day lost a bank-note in his barn. He searched for it in vain. At length he said,—

"That note is in the barn, and I will search for it until I find it."

Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved the hay and straw, hour after hour, till he found the note. A few weeks before this he had been awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, and had earnestly sought to live a better life. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note, he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked,—

"What must one do to become a Christian?"

"You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank-note."

It was "a word fitly spoken." He followed the direction; and, through the

mercy of Christ, he found the "pearl of great price," and rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God.

HEART SECRETS.—How little we know what is in the bosoms of those around? How natural it is, however, to feel and act as if we knew how to account for all that appears on the surface by the limited acquaintance we have with circumstances and feeling—to resent an indifference of which we know not the cause—to approve or condemn without an allowance of chagrin, or despair, or love, or hope, or distress—any of the deep under-currents forever at work in the human bosom. The young man at your side at a dinner party may have disgrace imminent in credit or honour, or a refused heart or an accepted one, newly crushed or newly made happy; or more common still and less allowed for, he may feel the first impression of disease, or the consequences of an indigestion; and for his agreeableness or disagreeableness, you try to account by something in yourself, some feeling toward yourself, as if you, and you only could affect his spirits, or give a colour to his mood or manners. The old man's thought of death, the mother's overwhelming interest in her child, the woman's upspring of emotion or love, are visitors to the soul that come unbidden and out of time; and you can neither feast nor mourn secure against their interruption. We would explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity when we hate, love when we think we cannot ever forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

A MODEL BIBLE CLASS.—The Superintendent of the Sabbath school of the Third Lutheran Church, Baltimore, organised a Bible class on a plan in some points entirely original. The peculiar points are as follows:—Every one who joins the class, does it with the understanding that he is to be laboured with personally and pointedly in the concerns of his soul. The Scripture lesson, which each one is to prepare carefully, is aimed mainly at the one end of bringing the members to Christ. The remarks on the lesson, the prayers, the singing, are all made to bear on the duty of seeking salvation at once. At each session, five or six members are selected to be specially prayed for, spoken with, or written to during the week. The letters are distributed at the close of the exercise. Meetings also are appointed for enquirers, or they are specially visited at their homes.

The first night fifty-six of the unconverted joined the class. In four weeks the number swelled up to one hundred and twenty-four, besides forty or fifty of the younger members of the church, while many more were waiting to go forward at the next communion. The converts came out working Christians. *During most of the time the church was without a pastor!* The class is still in operation, and is enjoying a quiet and continuous revival.

"YOU'VE GONE OVER IT."—One Sabbath morning an old gentleman was going to church. He was, a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath. He was, however, somewhat singular in his manner of giving reproof. As he was going along, he met a man driving a heavy loaded cart through the town.

When the old Gentleman came opposite the cart he suddenly stopped, and lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the cart:

"There, there you *are going over it; you have gone right over it!*"

The driver was frightened, and instantly cried out "Whoa, whoa," and brought his horse to a stand.

He then looked under the wheels, expecting the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog, or pig, that had been crushed to death.

But, after gazing all about, and seeing nothing under the wheels, he looked at the gentleman, who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the *Fourth Commandment*, my friend," was the reply, "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*

Obituary.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES BROOK, OF LONGWOOD, HUDDERSFIELD.

THE late Mr. Charles Brook, of Longwood, Huddersfield, is the subject of this paper. We refer to him with pleasure, because he was a good man, and "the memory of the just is blessed." There is this difference between a Christian memoir and a heathen or semi-heathen biography; the Christian memoir is written to extol those grand principles of religion which gave direction and character to the man's life; whilst the semi-heathen biography is an eulogism of the creature—a glorifying of human nature. This latter is hero-worship, for which some of the ancients were so famous. But we worship the one true and living God who made the heavens and the earth. Nothing was more odious to our departed brother than creature commendation. He would rather endorse the apostolic sentiment —"by the grace of God I am what I am."

Much of the early experience of the late Mr. C. Brook has fallen into forgetfulness. The circumstances of his conversion are not as well known as we could wish. The instrument, however, which God made use of was a Primitive Methodist local preacher. The passage of Scripture which seems to have done the work was uttered by David, and is found in Psalm ix. 17, —"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Being brought to God through the instrumentality of a Primitive Methodist local preacher he joined that body of Christians. Feeling the love of Christ in his heart, and rejoicing in God's pardoning mercy, he desired to

> "Tell to poor sinners all around,
> What a dear Saviour he had found."

Hence we find him very shortly after his conversion working for Christ in the capacity of a local preacher, a class of men of great service to the church of Christ. But he did not long remain a Primitive Methodist, although when first brought in he declared it to be his determination to live and die amongst them. But God had otherwise ordered. About this time he attended the Baptist association held at Halifax, when the late and honoured Mr. Saunders, of Liverpool, preached the association sermon. The text was in Rev. xxii. and first clause of the fifth verse—"And there shall be no night there." The sermon then preached still lives in its influence upon many of the hearts of those that heard it. Only the other day we came in contact with an old pilgrim who said, "I shall never forget that sermon—no, never! O what a blessed time it was! How the hearts of the whole congregation were melted! How the tears flowed from well nigh all eyes." In what way it impressed the mind of our departed brother we know not; but from that time he commenced attending regularly the ministry of the late Mr. Hyde, of Salendine Nook, and was received into the communion of this church June 17th, 1829.

Mr. Charles Brook was a Strict Baptist, and was in hearty sympathy with all movements and organisations designed to preserve intact the great principles of the New Testament. In theology he identified himself with what we may call the old school. He loved the distinguishing doctrines of grace; but above all doctrine he placed the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the sole object of his faith, and he valued the doctrines as they reflected the beauty and splendour of a risen Lord. He was chosen to the diaconate, April 26th, 1863, which office he filled with credit to himself and profit to the church, up to the time of his death. He was also regularly approved by the church at Salendine Nook as a local preacher. But during the last two years of his life he was incapacitated for pulpit

labour; only occasionally would he speak when specially requested. The last time he took a text was at the first anniversary of the sisters' prayer meeting, which was held in the vestry of the chapel about nine months since. The verse is in Phil. i. 21,—"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." After making a few introductory remarks, he divided the passage into three heads. He said, "If the Christian's life is like Christ's life, then it must come from Christ. Therefore we will speak first of Christ as the source of the Christian's life. Second, Christ the model of the Christian's life. Third, Christ the end of the Christian's life." And, O my reader, to possess Christ in all the grandeur and completeness of heaven will be gain indeed. To gaze at his dear countenance will be joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The affliction which brought our brother down to the grave had evidently been fastened on his constitution for some time, but did not exhibit its more malignant form until within about six weeks of his departure. Several times we had the privilege of visiting him during this last affliction; on each occasion we found him firm and calm in his confidence in God. Especially would we refer to our final interview, which was on the last Sabbath he spent in this vale of tears. After the duties of the day were over, we called to see this dying saint: then, however, we little thought that in a few hours death would do its work; but he doubtless had a presentment that the hour of his departure was at hand, for like a dying man upon the confines of eternity, he spoke to us of his final destiny. Referring to his faith in Christ he said, "No human works are the basis of my hope, I am not depending upon anything which I have done, but exclusively am I trusting upon Jesus. He is that foundation stone upon which all my hopes of heaven are built. I am a poor sinner and nothing at all, but Jesus Christ is my all and in all." Before leaving him we asked "if we should read a portion of Scripture and engage in prayer?" "Yes," he said, "read that forty-sixth Psalm, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'" When taking our leave of him we expressed the hope that it would please God to spare his life a few more years. He replied, "The Lord's will be done." On Monday morning we were again called to his bed side, but consciousness had fled—the eye was dim — the tongue speechless — the pulse uncertain—the breathing heavy. He was now walking through the dark valley, but Christ was with him. His rod and staff were comforting him. His redeemed soul was freed from its earthly prison and carried into Abraham's bosom about ten o'clock on Monday morning, October 21st, 1867. In his death the church has lost an active member—the neighbourhood a good man—the family a kind parent. Peace to his sleeping dust. We buried him in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Reader, how wilt thou die? Shall the epitaph be written upon thy grave-stone—"He died in the Lord." Whomsoever thou art that readest, let me entreat thee to ask thyself this question—

"How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,—
A curse or blessing meet."

Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR.

A year renewed, the thought renews
Of time's perpetual flight;
Beyond its bounds extend our views,
To regions out of sight.

Time bears unnumbered myriads on,
Nor leaves behind their trace;
And we shall go as they have gone,
And others take our place.

Time feasts on all terrestial things,
And all around destroys;
Yet, ever changing, with him brings
New labours, hopes, and joys.

Time deals us hours and days to use,
And notes how we improve;
And every day and hour we lose,
Is registered above.

But time shall end, to each how soon,
Before its final close!
Some rest at dawn, and some at noon,
And some at eve repose.

'Tis wise, while time yet spares our breath
The proffered grace to take;
That when we sleep the sleep of death,
We may in glory wake.

Page for the Young.

A BOY'S PRAYER.

"Hattie! Sister! I want a drum—
Large, and pretty, and round, and red;
So, if I pray, do you think 'twill come?
'Ask and receive,' the Lord has said."
But the sister, musing, shook her head.

"How should I know, dear brother? Try;
You can but fail," was the soft reply;
And so to his darkened room he went,
Still on his simple thought intent—
To ask the Lord for the precious boon;
"And please, dear Father, send it soon;
Large, and pretty, and round, and red;
Send me a drum, dear Lord!" he said.

No answer still and he came one day
And laid his head on his sister's breast;
"Hattie, I think I will not pray,
'Give me a drum, dear Father,' lest
My prayer should wrong Him; He knows best."

So back to his silly toil and play,
Calm and content, he went that day;
But God, who garners the smallest seed
Of faith and patience, to dower with meed
Of bud and blossom in His good time,
Owned and answered the faith sublime.
For other ears than the sister's heard
Unknown to the child, his simple word;
And when the glad New Year was come,
With its festive mirth and its merry hum
Of household greetings, a bran new drum
Gladdened the sight of the wondering boy;
He could not speak for the sudden joy!
At length he lifted his lashes, dim
With happy tears; "It is just like Him,
Just like the Lord!" he murmured low,
"And just the drum that I wanted so;
Though for a smaller one I prayed,—
For, sister Hattie, I felt afraid
(Lest the dear Lord I might ask amiss)
To pray for a drum so big as this!"

Salem Register.

THE LITTLE BOY ON CRUTCHES.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

THE snow was falling fast as we stood over the open grave, just ready to let gently down into its silence the beautiful form of a little child about three years old. All must have been struck by the pale, the very pale face of the father, and have said in their thoughts "Poor fellow, you will soon follow her!" All must have noticed the almost wild look of the mother as her child was about to be buried in the dark, cold grave. The snow lay in the bottom of the grave, and it lay white on the coffin. But did they notice a little lame boy, two years older than the little sister about to be buried, as he leaned on his small crutches, over the corner of the grave and looked so earnestly into it? He was very small and very pale, and the first look at him showed you that he

must be a cripple as long as he lives. He had lost his little sister,—his playmate, the other self. No voice had been so gentle and no heart so loving to him as hers. He shed no tears. He stood like a marble figure upheld by crutches. But his little bosom heaved as if it would burst, and though he uttered no sound, I felt sure that he was sincerely mourning. The men unconsciously pushed him back as they finished the burial. Oh, how meekly those little crutches took him back out of the way! I felt that I wanted to take him up in my arms and weep over him. No one thought of him, save the One who took little children up in his arms and blessed them.

The family returned from the burial. Each one thought so much of his own grief that the little lame boy was not thought of as needing consolation.

But from that grave the little fellow began to drop and wither. It was soon noticed that he ate but little, and in the night would be heard, as with a low voice he repeated over and over the little hymns that he used to repeat with the little sister. They thought it the grief of a child, and that a new sled and new playthings would banish it. But the arrow had gone in too deeply to be thus drawn out. For hours he would go and sit in the little nook where he and Jessie used to play with his chin in his thin hand—thinking, thinking! Sometimes he would ask if Jessie could "remember now," or if she would love him still, or if they supposed "she sang the same hymns where she was gone," which they used to sing together, or if "she should know him if she should meet him without any crutches!" The hymns that spoke of Jesus and his love, of heaven and its rest, of the angels and the redeemed, seemed to be his delight. Though he seldom mentioned Jessie's name, it became after a time well understood that he thought only of her. He laid aside his playthings as of no use, but would bend over her little drawer and earnestly gaze at what her tiny fingers once handled.

Slowly and gently his life began to ebb out. He had no sickness, made no mention of pain, had no cough, and medicine could do nothing for him. When he came to take his bed from sheer weakness, he begged that he might lie on the very bed and on the same spot where Jessie died. Sometimes in the night he would be heard to utter a suppressed moan, and when his mother hastened to him and inquired what he wanted, he would only say, "I want Jessie! Do you think she has forgotten me?" "I want to go to Jessie, and she will tell me all about it." Once, just before the Angel of dismission came for him, he was heard to break out almost in a shout,

"What is it my son?" said his mother.

"Oh! I thought Jessie had come."

"No. But, my child, you are going to Jessie. You will soon see her."

"Ah! I know. But I wish I could carry her something! And yet I know she has better things there."

The little crutches are now standing in the corner of the mother's chamber, leaning against the little bureau that held Jessie's clothes and things. His little hat hangs just over the crutches. The pale face is there no more. Side by side the two small graves are seen under the great hemlock that tenderly spreads his shade over them. The cold winds of winter whistle over them. And where are the children? Did Jesus know him "without crutches?" Is he lame and pale and moaning now? Or is the Good Shepherd leading them to still waters, and educating and training them up in that pure and bright world? There is no little boy on crutches looking into the grave of a sister there!—*Sunday School Times.*

FORGIVENESS.—The best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

HUMANITY is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

Reviews.

The Gospel of Peace. By J. A. MANT. Pp. 30. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C.

THIS is a simple but sweet little story which our young friends will read with great interest. It will do nicely to read out aloud, as a sort of interlude at the numerous juvenile parties which are being given at this season of the year.

The Hive. A Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday School Teachers. Price One Penny. No. I. January, 1868. Pp. 24. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C.

THIS is a new monthly for Sunday School Teachers, and bids fair to realise all that it professes to be in the title. Our old friend, The Sunday School Union, will have to look after its laurels in the way of magazine literature, if The Hive keeps up to the promise of its opening number, which is by far the best pennyworth of Sunday school information that we have ever seen. The appearance and getting up of the magazine are as excellent as its contents. No Sunday school should omit to order this popular work.

We have also received the following: *The Scattered Nation*; E. Stock. *The Gospel Magazine*; W. H. Collingridge. *Clifton Sermons*, *The Little Gleaner*, and *The Sower*; all three by Houlston and Wright; for December. They all contain much profitable and interesting matter.

Intelligence.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, WEST BROMWICH.

THE above place of worship having been closed for four months, for extensive alterations and improvements, was re-opened on Lord's Day, October 13th, when three sermons were preached; those in the morning and evening by the Rev. W. Stokes, of Manchester, and that in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Giles, of Birmingham. On Monday, October 14th, a tea meeting was held in the school adjoining the chapel, which was largely attended. After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the pastor, the Rev. T. Hanson, and was ably addressed by Revs. J. Whewell, J. G. Jukes, (Independent ministers of the town), W. Stokes, T. Hanson, and Mr. Levi Bailey. On Lord's Day, October 20th, the services were resumed, when three sermons were preached; that of the morning by the Rev. D. Evans, of Dudley; that of the afternoon by the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, and that in the evening by the Rev. John Dowty, M.A., Wesleyan minister of West Bromwich. The sermons were all of a superior order, and the services were found by many to be seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The collections amounted to £46. The Baptists of West Bromwich have long needed a better and more inviting place of worship, which necessity is now supplied in the very beautiful and commodious sanctuary recently opened. We thank God and take courage.

CHAMBER HALL, NEAR BURY.

When the first Sir Robert Peel was solicited to give ground for a Wesleyan chapel at Tamworth, near to which was his mansion, he said to the applicants, some of whom were his own workmen, "My lads, do not build your chapel too large; people like to go to a little chapel well filled, better than a large one half full. I often go into your chapels at Manchester, Liverpool, and London, and have no wish to find myself alone in a large pew, and pointed at as Sir Robert Peel." He also added, "I have left most of my works in Lan-

cashire under the management of Wesleyans; they make most excellent servants. Also, when I resided in Lancashire, I asked Mr. Wesley, at one of the Manchester conferences, to come to breakfast with me. He agreed on condition that he might bring some of his *children*, and he brought thirty-six preachers with him." Wesley refers to the occasion in his journal thus:—"August 27th, 1787, I was invited to breakfast at Bury, by Mr. Peel, a calico printer, who a few years ago began with five hundred pounds, and is now supposed to have gained fifty thousand pounds. Oh, what a miracle if he lose not his soul." It may not be uninteresting to our friends to know that the room in which Mr. Wesley and his preachers were entertained so many years ago, is now the Dining Hall of the Baptist college.

ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, MIDDLESBOROUGH.

On Sunday, December 15th, the anniversary of the above named church was celebrated in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Bridge-street, where the services are regularly held. Sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. E. Parker, of Farsley, from Rom. x. 4., and Isaiah liii. 11. The attendance in the morning was only small, as Mr. Parker was unknown; but there was a goodly gathering in the evening, and the services appeared to be highly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of attending them. On the following day a tea meeting was held in the same place, which was well attended, the trays being gratuitously provided by the ladies of the congregation. After tea, a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Parker, J. McNeill, (Presbyterian); J. Packet, (Wesleyan Reform); W. H. Ainsworth, the pastor of the little church, and some other friends. Mr. Councillor Lacy occupied the chair, and the meeting was enlivened by some good singing, performed by an efficient choir. Altogether, the services were very interesting, and we trust will be useful in giving a fresh impulse to a cause which needs, and deserves, assistance from friends who are more fortunately situated. We trust the church will soon be enabled to obtain a place of worship of their own, which will doubtless remove one great difficulty out of their way.

PRESENTATION AT DRAKE STREET BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

On Saturday evening, the senior young women's class, numbering forty-seven, took tea together in the school room, Henry-street. After tea, the pastor, the Rev. A. Pitt, by special request, took the chair. The meeting having been opened with singing and prayer, one of the young women, in the name of the class, presented Mrs. Pitt (their afternoon teacher for now four years), with a large and beautiful photograph of the whole class, with Mrs. Pitt and Mr. Henry Pogson (their morning teacher), in the centre. Another member of the class then presented Mr. Pogson with another photogragh, taken at the same time. Deeply touching and affecting addresses accompanied the presentations, which drew tears from many eyes. Mrs. Pitt and Mr. Pogson acknowledged the presents in suitable terms, each appealing to those not yet decided for Christ that night to yield to the appeals of his love, and admit him to the throne of their hearts,—each entreating that not one in the picture, or who had been in the class, might be missing from Christ's right hand in the great day of God. Addresses were delivered by several other members of the class, detailing their Christian experience, and how God had dealt with them during the past four years. Some seventeen members of this class have been baptised and added to the church. The meeting will not soon be forgotten by those present.

ALBERT HALL CHAPEL, MALDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

REV. JAMES WEBB, late of Ipswich, has consented to take the oversight of the church meeting in the above place of worship. Baptists in London

who hold strict communion sentiments in conjunction with an earnest missionary spirit, should do all they can to help this rising cause. Our friend Mr. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W., will be very glad to communicate with any friends disposed to aid.

MINISTERIAL SETTLEMENT.

THE Rev. T. S. Bristow, formerly a minister amongst the Independents, having been baptised by the Rev. Thomas Dawson, in Liverpool, and received into communion with the Baptist body about twelve months ago, has recently received and accepted a cordial and hearty call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Blakeney, in Gloucestershire.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, LYCEUM, ROCHDALE.

ON Lord's Day, October 27th, two sermons were preached on behalf of the Sabbath School in connection with this place of worship, by Rev. L. Nuttall, of Ogden. The congregations were good and the collections amounted to £18 17s. 4½d. The school was opened last December, and now numbers 125 scholars and teachers.

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

FROM intelligence recently received from the English Strict Baptist Church at Colombo, the particulars of the formation of which have already appeared in this magazine, we learn that four members have been recently added to this infant cause, one of whom, ten years ago, left the Pettah Church, Colombo, being convinced that open communion was unscriptural, and three others who left recently for the same reason. The number of members is now fourteen. May this "small one become a thousand." The Lord hasten it in his time.

BAPTISMS IN COLOMBO, CEYLON.

Grandpass Chapel.—June 23rd, in the afternoon, after a service in English, one; by Rev. James Silva, who also gave an address in English near the river, and handled the subject of baptism in a most masterly manner. The candidate, (a brother) will be added to the newly formed English Strict Baptist Church.

On the 9th of June, this newly formed church had the pleasure of welcoming by the right hand of fellowship an aged and devout brother who left the Pettah Open Communion Church some ten years ago, not being able to agree with them regarding their open, or, as he says, "loose" views.

Grandpass Chapel.—On Sunday morning, June 30th, Ten; (one male and nine females. An address was given near the river to a very large gathering of different classes of people by R. V. Dunlop, Esq., by interpretation, and baptised by Rev. James Silva. These will be added to the Singalese Strict Church.

On Sunday Morning, July 14th, five; (four males and one female) by Rev. James Silva. One of the candidates, an influential native Physician addressed the congregation before descending into the water. He was, till very lately, a formidable enemy to the religion of the Great Physician of souls. They, too, will be added to the Singalese Strict Church.

AT Grandpass Chapel, Colombo, on 11th August, one; by Rev. James Silva. The candidate is a Singalese newspaper editor, and was connected with the Bhudists as their lecturer, he went down into the water after addressing the people for more than one hour against Bhudism, and proving the truth of the religion of Jesus, he will join as a member of the Singalese Grandpass Church.

At Grandpass Chapel, Colombo, on 18th August, one; by Rev. James Silva, after the English service. The candidate will be enrolled as a member in the English Strict Baptist Church at Grandpass.

At Gonawella Chapel, on 21st August, thirteen; by Rev. J. Guneseker a. This church is also strict in communion.

BAPTISMS.

ACCRINGTON. — BARNES-STREET. — August 26th, one, by Mr. John Brown,

of Oswaldtwistle. The candidate has recently been brought to Christ. On Sunday, November 3rd, two females were baptised by Mr. Rigby, a student at the new College, Chamber Hall, Bury. One was a member of the Wesleyan body, who had been led to see that immersion is the only real baptism.

LARGO.—In connection with the preaching station, seven. September 29th, two; October 13th, one; by Mr. P. M. Mitchell.

BLACKWATER. — September 11th, 1867.—Baptised by Mr. G. Mass, of Ash Common, nine males, eight of whom were soldiers from Aldershot. At the same place, September 29th, two disciples by S. Sale; one had been a scholar in G. Muller's establishment at Bristol.

EBENEZER PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, WARRINGTON. — On Sunday morning, November 17th, two candidates professed their attachment to the Saviour by being immersed in his name. It was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

HUNSLET. — August 25th, four; November 3rd, eight; by Rev. H. Dunn.

OGDEN.—October 6th, two; November 3rd, one, in the presence of large congregations by Rev. L. Nuttall.

WATERBARN. — On Lord's Day evening, November 24th, after a discourse by the pastor J. Howe, on Col. ii. 12, nine young persons; four males and five females, were buried with Christ in baptism, in the presence of a densely crowded congregation. We were again indebted to the kindness of our friends at Zion, Bacup, for the use of their place of worship, our own chapel not being yet completed

MARRIAGE.

BOLDERSON — LINGARD. — October 5th, 1867. At the Baptist Chapel, Sunnyside, Mr. Thomas William Bolderson, of Reedsholme, to Ellen, daughter of Mr. James Lingard, Holmes Terrace; by the Rev. Thomas Evans, assisted by the Rev. Abraham Nichols, late pastor. The parties being both members of the Baptist church at Sunnyside, near Rawtenstall, Lancashire.

DEATHS.

ON November 16th, at 53, Victoria-street, Windsor, departed this life, Mr. John Faulkner Bradenell, aged seventy-six, after much suffering from Dropsy, which he bore with Christian fortitude. He was interred in the Windsor cemetery, with his beloved wife, whose death he deeply lamented. He was the founder of the first Baptist church in Windsor, and laboured incessantly day and night during its erection. He drew the plans and superintended the building at a considerable cost of time and labour, in addition to a liberal contribution to the building fund and the general support of that place of worship. He also saw, in 1853, the entire debt of the chapel removed under the pastorate of the late Rev. S. Lillycrop. He held the offices of deacon, treasurer, and superintendent of the Sabbath school for sixteen years. Mr. B. was a Strict Baptist and loved the doctrines of grace. In early life he entered the service of Lord Tankerville, where he gained the respect of his employer by his diligent and faithful service. He afterwards, in 1822, during the reign of his majesty George IV., entered the royal service at St. James' Palace, and was afterwards removed to Windsor Castle, where he continued first as gardener and afterwards as chief roasting cook in the royal kitchen. He continued in the royal service until 1855, when he retired on a pension besides a medal for long service. His character was marked by an unshrinking faithfulnes in his discharge of duty. As an inhabitant of Windsor for so many years he gained the respect of all who best knew him. He was exceedingly hospitable, his home and table were open to all lovers of the Lord Jesus, and many can testify to his kindness in that respect, but he now has been called away, we trust, to join the church triumphant above, to meet many dear saints who are gone before, and to be "for ever with the Lord." In the prospect of death he arranged and set his house in order, and when a friend called to see him he wept much and said, "I do not weep for sorrow, it is thankfulness that the

Lord has given me so good a hope." He was up the morning he died, and at two o'clock in the afternoon took some food, soon after which, while conversing with some one he fell back and expired.

October 19th, 1867, John, only son of Mr. Adam Whitehead, of Belfield, near Rochdale, aged one year and seven months. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

October 1st, 1867, Mr. John Hoyle, Grocer, Crawshawbooth, aged 53 years, and was interred at the Baptist Cemetery, Goodshaw, on the 7th instant, when the Rev. J. G. Fifield, of Goodshaw, T. Evans, and A. Nichols, of Sunnyside, near Rawtenstall, Lancashire, each took a part in the solemn service of the morning.

RECEIVED FOR MR. GEISSLER AND THE SAXON MISSION.

By Rev. JOHN HOWE.	£	s.	d.
Bacup.			
Ebenezer Mission Fund	5	0	0
Zion—Collection (in part)	5	0	0
Mrs. Whitaker, Broadclough	1	0	0
Mr. George Shepherd, Underbank	1	0	0
Waterbarn.			
Collection (Moiety)	3	15	0
Mr. Henry Sellers	0	2	0
S. Howarth, Esq. (acknowledged before)	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Bancroft Do.	0	6	0
Auchencairn, Scotland.			
Mrs. Sarah Gibson	0	10	0
A Thank Offering (London)	2	0	0
J. Oliver, Esq., Sunderland	0	10	0

RECEIVED FOR THE BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.

By MR. WHITEHEAD.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Thompson, S.	0	5	0
Dundee.			
William Scott, Esq., S.	1	0	0
John Henderson, Esq., S.	1	0	0
Mr. George Wilson, S.	0	12	0
Thomas Lamb, Esq., S.	0	10	0
James McLean, Esq., S.	0	5	0
Mr. John Patten, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Nicoll, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Easson, S.	0	5	0
Cupar.			
Mr. James Carr, S.	0	5	0
Three Friends, 2/6 each	0	7	6
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P. D. Swan, Esq., S.	0	10	6
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Walter Mercer, Esq., S.	0	10	0
R. Anderson, Esq., S.	0	10	0
John Gill, Esq., S.	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Haldane, S.	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Haldane, D.	0	10	0
Miss Pringle, S.	0	10	0
James Macandrew, Esq., S.	0	7	6
A. Cromar, Esq., S.	0	5	0
C. Anderson, Esq., S.	0	5	0
Dr. James Laurie, S.	0	5	0
Rev. W. C. Bunning, S.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Horsburgh, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Joshua Wood, S.	0	5	0
Mr. William Menelaws, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Hall, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Crombie, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Hall, jun., S.	0	5	0
Mr. Daniel Kemp, S.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Primrose, S.	0	5	0
Mr. George Elmslie, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Gavin Goudie, S.	0	5	0
Mr. William Gillon, S.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Allan, S.	0	5	0
Mr. John Horsburgh, S.	0	5	0
Mr. James Bakewell, S.	0	5	0
Mr. J. K. Milne, S.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Lawder, S.	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Dean, S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith, S.	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Arthur, S.	0	5	0
Miss Crease, S.	0	5	0
Miss E. Watt, S.	0	5	0
Seven Friends, 2/6 each	0	17	6
Two Friends, 2/- each	0	4	0
C. W. Anderson, Esq., Dalkeith, S.	1	0	0
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Mr. J. D. Wassell, S.	0	5	0
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Mr. Tinley	0	2	6
Birmingham.			
J. H. Hopkins, Esq., S.	1	1	0
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	£	s.	d.
William Middlemore Esq. ..... S.	1	1	0
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Messrs. Beckett Brothers ..... S.	1	0	0
T. F. Griffiths, Esq. ..... S.	0	10	0
D. Neal, Esq. ..... S.	0	10	0
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Henry Willmott, Esq. ..... S.	0	10	6
John Eair, Esq. ..... S.	0	10	6
Messrs. John Reading and Sons .... S.	0	10	6
Mr. Frederick Ewen ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Eagle ..... S.	0	5	0
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Mr. Thomas Adams ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. E. M. Mitton ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. John Philips ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. John Player ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Reading ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Carter ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Corbett ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Allbutt ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Allbutt ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. William Morgan ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. John Wade, sen. ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. J. A. Perry ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Griffiths ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Edwin Poole ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Chapman ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. E. A. Butler ..... S.	0	5	0
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Mrs. Doige	0	2	6
Wem, Salop.			
Rev. Hugh Hughes ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Lee ..... S.	0	5	0
Friends	0	5	0
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James Potts, Esq. ..... S.	0	10	0
J. C. Johnson, Esq. ..... S.	0	10	0
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Mr. Joseph Miller ..... S.	0	5	0
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Mr. W. G. Davies ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. William Dixon ..... S.	0	5	0
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Mr. John Bradbarn ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. James Logan ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph W. Bell ..... S.	0	5	0
Mr. William Anderson ..... S.	0	5	0
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Mr. H. A. Wilkinson ..... S.	0	5	0
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